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00766

EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS FOR LONGEVITY ARE MADE FROM DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE WORLD ... SOUTH AMERICA HAD ONE OLDSTER THEY SAID PASSED HIS 140TH BIRTHDAY! AND IN THE BALKAN REGIONS, IN SOME VILLAGES, MANY CENTENARIANS (PEOPLE OVER 100) LEAD NORMAL, ACTIVE LIVES! WHAT HAPPENS TO A MAN WHO LEAVES SUCH A PLACE? DOES HE LIVE THAT LONG, ACTIVE LIFE ENJOYED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN? ANTON MURTAK LEARNED THE ANSWER... AND HE DIDN'T LIKE IT!

YOUTH REVISITED!

I AM GOING TO DIE! I KNOW IT!

YOU ARE FROM THE VILLAGE WHERE I WAS BORN! WHO ARE YOU?

YOU DON'T KNOW ME?

I AM YOU, ANTON MURTAK! I AM THE LIFE YOU TRADED FOR THE FOOL'S FORTUNE, WHICH IS WHAT YOU WANTED!

AARON, BOOK PASSAGE ON THE FIRST JET TO BUCHAREST!

...I AM GOING HOME TO KRUNOV.

KRUNOV!?

BUT, MR. MURTAK, KRUNOV IS...

D 7095

HAUNTED

HAUNTED Vol. 5, No. 24, November, 1975,

nomscans

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DON'T ARGUE, BOY! GET THE TICKETS!

HE ACCOMPANIED THE FEEBLE OLD MAN TO BUCHAREST, ROMANIA...

AARON KOOR WAS HIS COMPANION, A QUALIFIED MALE NURSE AND SECRETARY!

PLEASE, MR. MURTAK, LET ME EXPLAIN ABOUT KRUNOV!

NAH, NAH! DO NOT TELL ME OF KRUNOV! WHEN WE GET TO BUCHARREST, YOU STAY...

...I FIND GOOD ROMANIAN GUIDE TO REACH KRUNOV!

A TARTAR FROM THE MOUNTAINS! HIS KIND NEVER DIE!

ONCE I WAS SENT TO MOREST ONE, A MAN OF EIGHTY...

BUCHAREST TELESON

...HE BROKE MY JAW AND WALKED OFF INTO THE HILLS!

YOU ARE WEAK, SIR! THE LOCAL HOSPITAL...

NAH! I GO TO KRUNOV!

ANTON, OLD FRIEND! YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME, YUCHI KALGOV?

YUCHI?!?

MR. MURTAK. WHO IS THIS PERSON?

YUCH!? HE IS MY *COUSIN* FROM KRUNOV! WE *GREW UP* TOGETHER!

BUT I *GREW* OLD AND *FEEBLE* ALONE!

DRINK THIS, ANTON! THEN EAT SOME *GOAT CHEESE* AND *MEAT*!

WE WILL SLEEP WITH *FRIENDS* IN THE *HILLS* TONIGHT!

IT *CANNOT* BE *TRUE*! THAT MAN IS AS *OLD* AS MR. MURTAK! HE LIVES IN *KRUNOV*!

LIES! ALL *LIES*! BOTH ARE *IMPOSSIBLE*!

THE CART CREAKED OUT OF BUCHAREST ON THE HIGHWAY FOR A FEW MILES...

I WAS *FOOLISH* TO LEAVE THE *VILLAGE*, YUCH!! NOW I AM OLD... MY LIFE IS *SHORT*!

NONSENSE, COUSIN! SEE *HIM*? HE IS 97! A *FEW MONTHS* IN KRUNOV WILL ADD *YEARS* TO YOUR LIFE!

THE ROADS WERE POOR AND NARROW. THE HOUSES HAD NO ELECTRICITY OR MODERN CONVENIENCES. HERE, TIME STOOD STILL...

YUCHI! I FEEL BETTER! PERHAPS IT IS THE AIR!

IS KRUNOV THE SAME, YUCHI?

KRUNOV WILL ALWAYS BE THE SAME, COUSIN!

YOU GO... TO KRUNOV?!

BUT, COMRADE...

MY COUSIN WILL SEE KRUNOV, MY FRIEND!

...DO NOT SPOIL HIS HOMECOMING!

LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THEY TOPPED THE LAST STEEP RIDGE, AND AT THE FOOT OF A STEEP MOUNTAIN, THEY SAW... KRUNOV!

UNBELIEVABLE! MY HEART REJOICES! I AM YOUNG AGAIN, YUCHI!

WE WILL BE YOUNG TOGETHER, ANTON! IT IS DOWNHILL NOW! WE WILL SOON BE THERE!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

ON THE *AMBER SUN OF EVENING*, ANTON MURTAK RETURNED TO KRUNON. HE SAW FACES, DIMLY REMEMBERED FROM HIS *YOUTH*... FACES STILL *AGLOW* WITH *HEALTH*, BODIES *STRONG* AND *QUICK* WITH LIFE...

YUCHI! I CANNOT *BELIEVE* IT! YOUR *MOTHER* IS STILL ALIVE! SHE LOOKS *WONDERFUL*

YUCHI, HOW MANY OF THEM HAVE *DIED*? TELL ME *NOW*, SO THAT LATER I WILL BE *SPARED* THE *SHOCK*!

A *FEW*, ANTON. *NONE* OF YOUR *FAMILY* OR *FRIENDS*!

AT HIS *OLD HOME*, A *CRUMBLING* STONE HOUSE *HUNDREDS* OF YEARS OLD, ANTON SAW HIS *OLDER BROTHER* AGAIN... *STALWART*, *STRONG* AND *SMILING*, WITH EVEN WHITE TEETH...

...ANTON, YOU *WORKED* TOO HARD AND ATE *BAD FOOD* IN AMERICA!

HERE, ANTON! A GLASS OF *WINE* TO REFRESH YOU AND GIVE YOU STRENGTH!

THE AIR IS *CLEAR*... *LOOK*! MY *HAND* NO LONGER *TREMBLES*!

SOON YOU WILL FEEL *YEARS YOUNGER*, ANTON!

HE SLEPT THAT NIGHT AS HE HAD NOT SLEPT IN *DECADES*! IN THE MORNING, ANTON MURTAK STRETCHED, THEN FELT *PAIN* IN HIS STOMACH...

I AM *HUNGRY*, KATYN! I HAVE NOT DESIRED *FOOD* IN *YEARS*!

I WILL SERVE YOU FOOD AS SOON AS I GET WOOD FOR THE FIRE..

I WILL GET THE WOOD, KARYLIN!

THIS MAN, IT SEEMS SEPTUAGENARIAN A DAY EARLIER, STROPE TO THE WOODPILE, AND..

I AM IT *MIGHTIEST* MAN IN AMERICA, KARYLIN! I WILL GIVE *ALL* MY *MONEY* TO THE *PEOPLE* OF KRUNON!

WE CANNOT USE YOUR MONEY, ANTON!

GO AND FIND YUCH!. HE IS *SCYTHING HIM*. *TALK* WITH HIM ABOUT THE DAYS OF YOUR YOUTH.

I SAW *LUDVIK KAOLUS*. SHE IS AS *OLD* AS ME, BUT SHE *MOVES* WITH THE *GRACE* OF A GIRL!

WAIT 'TIL *TONIGHT*, ANTON! THERE WILL BE *WINE* AND *MUSIC*. LUDVIK *DANCES* JUST AS SHE DID *FIFTY* YEARS AGO!

YUCH! SAWING THE SCYTHE *EFFORTLESSLY*, WHILE OLD ANTON SAT IN THE *SUNSHINE* SUN AND FELT THE *BRITTLENESS* *LEAVE* FROM HIS BONES..

YUCH! I CAN EVEN SEE BETTER!

WHY NOT? THE AIR IS CLEAN! THERE IS NO SMOKE OR DUST SUCH AS IN YOUR AMERICAN CITIES!

THE MONTHS PASSED. ANTON MURYAK WORKED, ATE SIMPLE FOOD, AND GREW TOUGHER EVERY DAY...

WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LEAVE!

NOT SUCH A FOOL, ANTON! NEVER LOOK BACK!

YUCH!, I AM A NEW MAN! HERE IS TO US! I WILL NEVER LEAVE KRUNOV AGAIN!

I HAVE TALKED WITH THE OTHERS, ANTON. YOU CANNOT STAY.

WE ALL LOVE YOU AND WANT YOU WITH US, BUT TOMORROW YOU MUST LEAVE!

YOU TELL ME THIS, YUCH!?!? YOU?!? MY BEST FRIEND?!?

IT MUST BE SO, IVANCH. GOOD BYE.

MUCH... MY EYES... I CANNOT SEE CLEARLY...

GO TO THE EMPTY HOUSE BY THE PASS TONIGHT, IVANCH. TOMORROW, BEGIN WALKING TO BUCHAREST...

...AND DO NOT LOOK BACK!

ANTON MURTAK TRUSTED YUCHI. HE SLEPT IN THE EMPTY HOUSE ABOVE THE VILLAGE...

...AT FIRST LIGHT, HE ATE BREAD AND CHEESE...

...AND BEGAN WALKING...

FAR DOWN THE MOUNTAIN WHERE THE TRAIL JOINED A ROAD, A BUS STOPPED... IT TOOK HIM INTO BUCHAREST...

YOUR HOTEL COMRADE...

STAT TRANZIT

STAT TRANZIT

AARON... I HAVE RETURNED!

YOU KNOW MY NAME, SIR? BUT I... WAIT! IS THIS A JOKE? DID ANTON MURTAK SEND YOU?

LIFT

I WOULD LIKE A LAST GLIMPSE OF HARUNOV, BUT I GAVE MY WORD...

I AM ANTON MURTAK! I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM KRUNOV!

IT IS A HOAX!

HE IS ONE OF OUR UNCIVILIZED MOUNTAIN PEASANTS!

IT IS NO HOAX! AARON, MY PHONE NUMBER AT HOME IS 722-1110! I PAY YOU $19,500 A YEAR! YOU...

I BELIEVE YOU, SIR! BUT IT IS A MIRACLE!

IN THE SUITE, ANTON MURTAK POSED ON HIS EXPENSIVE "CITY" CLOTHES. NONE FIT HIS MUSCULAR FRAME...

SIR, I KNOW YOU DO NOT LIE! BUT WHAT YOU SAY CANNOT BE TRUE!

THERE IS ONE FACT YOU DID NOT KNOW, MR. MURTAK!

IN 1926, KRUNOV WAS WIPED OUT IN AN EARTHQUAKE!

EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THAT TOWN WAS BURIED BENEATH A MILLION TONS OF ROCK AND RUBBLE!

THEY ARE ALL DEAD!

NO, OFFICER... THEY ARE STILL ALIVE... LIVING IN MY HEART!

PERHAPS I WAS NOT IN KRUNOV...

...PERHAPS I DID NOT SPEND TWO MONTHS WITH MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS...

BUT WHEREVER I WAS, THOSE WERE HAPPY DAYS! AND THEY RESTORED MY YOUTH!

THE END!

THE REUGER FORMULA

FOR YOU READERS WHO GET SICK EASILY, BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU VENTURE IN DR. REUGER'S LABORATORY...FOR THERE ARE HIDEOUS SMELLS HERE (DR. REUGER IS A BIOCHEMIST AND SOME CHEMICALS REALLY ARE NAUSEATING!) AND SOME OF THE CREATURES WITH WHICH HE WORKS ARE INCREDIBLY HIDEOUS!

KITTY, YOU IDIOT, I WARNED YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE!

USE THE CHEMICAL SPRAY...IT'S THERE NEAR YOUR RIGHT HAND!

THE SPRAY!

YOU LITTLE IDIOT...THAT LIZARD IS CARNIVOROUS... HE COULD EASILY KILL YOU!

EDITOR-GEORGE WILDMAN
WRITER-JOE GILL
ARTIST-TONY WILLIAMSON

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

ARE YOU WATCHING THIS HORMONE GROWTH STIMULATOR, KITTY? IT'S IMPORTANT TO MAINTAIN THE LIQUID TEMPERATURE AT 205 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT!

YOUR FOURTH BATCH OF GROWTH FORMULA IS NEARLY READY, DR. REUGER.

WILL THIS STUFF REALLY MAKE ANYTHING YOU USE IT ON GROW FASTER AND BIGGER?

I'VE GROWN TWO POUND TOMATOES, CORN TWELVE FEET HIGH... FATTENED CALVES IN HALF THE NORMAL GROWTH TIME ON LESS FEED... AND, AS AN EXPERIMENT, I'VE BRED CANARIES AS BIG AS PIGEONS!

I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH DIFFERENT SPECIES...FOWL RESPOND TO MY GROWTH STIMULANT,-PLANT LIFE..I HAD TO DESTROY A SNAKE THAT I FED TOO MUCH OF IT! ONE MUST BE CAREFUL!

WOOF

DR. REUGER IS HAVING DINNER WITH A GIRL...HE NEVER EVEN **THINKS** OF ME WHEN HE'S GOING ANYWHERE!

I ONLY **TOOK** THIS CRUMMY LAB ASSISTANT'S JOB TO BE NEAR DR. REUGER... BUT HE NEVER **LOOKS** AT ME!

OH, **NO**! I'VE RUINED THIS BATCH OF GROWTH STIMULANT!

I'D BETTER DUMP IT AND START ANOTHER BATCH COOKING!

I'LL POUR IT OUTSIDE!

KITTY, IN A HURRY TO GET RID OF THAT BATCH, SET THE STEAMING VAT OUTSIDE THE NEAREST DOOR... WHICH HAPPENED TO BE THE PEN WHERE THE EAST INDIAN MONITOR LIZARD (ALSO CALLED THE DRAGON OF KOMODO) WAS BROODING, THINKING ABOUT HUGE DRIPPING CHUNKS OF RAW MEAT!

I'LL DUMP THIS STINKING MESS LATER AFTER IT COOLS!

GLOP

BLUB

SLURP

SSSS

KITTY? ARE YOU STILL HERE?

YES, DR. REUGER!

WHAT'S THIS? I EXPECTED THIS BATCH TO HAVE BEEN FINISHED, KITTY? YOU'VE BEEN GOOFING OFF, HAVEN'T YOU?

WELL... ERR, YES, I...

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

AAARRRGGHHH

WHAT TH.... ?

PEPE! BE *NICE* TO DR. REUGER!

IS THAT YOUR CONFOUNDED LITTLE PET, KITTY? WHAT HAPPENED TO HI ... DID YOU GIVE HIM THE GROWTH STIMULATOR?

ONLY A FEW SPOONFULLS, DR. REUGER... HE LIKED THE TASTE!

GRASH

YOU'RE TIRED, KITTY... THAT'S WHY YOU'RE MAKING MISTAKES. YOU GO ON HOME ... I'LL LOOK AFTER THIS BATCH!

WELL, IF YOU INSIST... AND I'M SORRY I OVERCOOKED THE FIRST BATCH OF STIMULANT!

YOU'D THINK I COMMITTED A TERRIBLE CRIME! WHAT IF PEPE **DID** GROW TO TWICE HIS NORMAL SIZE ON A FEW DROPS OF THE STUFF?

IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE! IF PEPE HAD ... **OH, NO!**

THE GIANT LIZARD... HE'LL HAVE THE **WHOLE BATCH!**

LAB

LABORATORY

PARKIN STAFF ONLY

SCREEECCHH!

WHAT AN AWFUL SOUND...AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE IT CAME FROM.!

AARRGGG

AAURRGGG

COME ON, DR. REUGER.... RUN...GET AWAY WHILE YOU CAN!

NO, KITTY ...IT MUST BE DESTROYED HERE!

I CAME BACK TO TELL YOU...I PUT A BATCH OF THE STUFF I OVERCOOKED OUTSIDE THAT DOOR TO **COOL**...I FORGOT THE MONITOR LIZARD WAS IN THAT PEN!

HE MUST'VE EATEN ALL OF IT, KITTY!

REMEMBER THE CHEMICAL I USED WHEN IT CAME AFTER ME, DOCTOR? WILL THAT WORK ON IT NOW?

I DOUBT IT, KITTY...

...HE'S THREE TIMES THE SIZE HE WAS THEN... HE TRULY DESERVES THE NAME THE NATIVES OF EAST INDIES GAVE HIM... HIS NAME...

THE DRAGON OF KOMODO!

...ARRGGHHH

CRAASSHH

ARRRGGHHH

WATCH IT, KITTY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...WE MUST GET HELP TO DESTROY THE MONSTER WE'VE CREATED!

THIS MAY KILL IT!

COME ON, DOCTOR!

ARRGH

DR. REUGER FELL... AND HIS KOOKIE ASSISTANT WAS TERRIFIED!

AAAAAARRRGGGGGHHHHH

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO...

THE EXTINGUISHER IS TURNED ON...

FIRE-FIGHTING GAS AT A VERY LOW TEMPERATURE, FILLED THE HUGE LIZARD'S STOMACH AND...

THEN... SOMETHING ...PROBABLY A COMBINATION OF THE ACID DR. REUGER HAD HURLED DOWN ITS GULLET... AND THE TOXIC CO^2 KITTY HAD CONTRIBUTED.... SOMETHING ENDED THE LIFE OF THE MIGHTIEST DRAGON TO ROAM THE EARTH SINCE THE DAYS OF THE DINOSAURS!

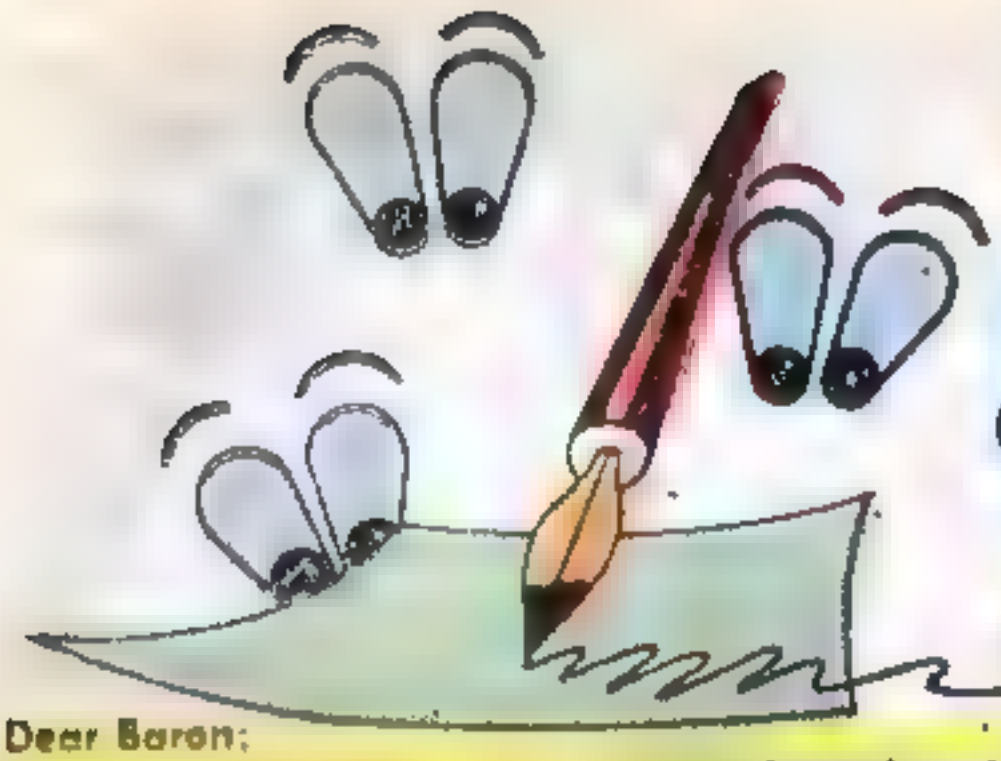
KITTY, I MUST SUPERVISE YOUR ACTIVITIES CONSTANTLY... NIGHT AND DAY...

YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT LEGAL, DR. REUGER... BUT I'LL BUY THAT!

FIRE BREATHING

IT REALLY IS A FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON... BUT HIS BREATH COMES FROM AN ARCTIC HELL!

END



GHOST WRITERS

Dear Baron:

I think I'm a little late with this fan letter but I had to tell you how much I liked Tom Sutton's terrific story "Out of The Deep", the lead-off story in *HAUNTED* #21. Sutton wrote the yarn which, as usual, was excellently done. His art work was just fantastic and even though I anticipated the hideous ending which the man so richly deserved, your sea monster was so frightening I didn't care! Tom Terrific scores again!

Incidentally, the cover by Don Newton was a real chiller! These multi - talented people are amazing. Newton has an entirely different style than does Tom Sutton, but in his way he is just as capable. You should be proud of the ominous image Don Newton endowed you with in this painting, Baron. And, by the way, I'm delighted that you've kicked out Impy and taken over *HAUNTED* in his place. You're a far more interesting narrator.

Pat Boyette did another of his excellent jobs on a script by Frank Hayes titled "Enter Freely and of Your Own Will" which is a different twist on the vampire legend. Since this issue is probably out of date (I bought mine nearly a month ago) everyone knows how the vampire, Count Jorga, cleansed himself of his curse. A very well done yarn!

Joe Staton another great Charlton artist, did a terrific job on Pellowski's script "Pool Shark". It was an original, interesting yarn from start to finish.

I've gradually become a Charlton fan. The material continues to be fresh or as you say "All New". Each artist and writer seems to be free to "do his own thing", and there are few mediocre efforts.

Thanks again, Baron, and *HAUNTED* will be one of my favorite ghost comics from now on.

Sincerely,
S.V. Wendell
Cicero, Ill.

Thanks for writing, S.V. However, let's not get too smug over Charlton's titles. Some books are done better than others and when we put out a mediocre book we get letters from disappointed readers. This is happening less often now. Sometimes a letter will praise a script and damn the artwork or the other way around. Usually, if a story is poorly written, the artist won't have much enthusiasm for the illustrating and the result will be both poorly written and poorly drawn. Sometimes, though, a very good script may be assigned to someone who either isn't as talented as other illustrators or else has personal reasons for doing less than his best. This happens. Illness or personal troubles etc. Anyhow, be a little forgiving at times, fans.

By the way, Charlton has a great line of animated titles. The *Flintstones* and their friends like *Barney & Betty, Dino, The Great Gazoo*, and so on. Then we have *Popeye*, long one of the most popular characters in American life (and overseas as well). *Yogi Bear, Scooby Doo, Speed Buggy*, and on and on. All of these are doing well, thank you.

As for romance (ugh!, right?), Charlton's love comics are big. While some publishers have their economic eggs in the superhero basket, others go for broke in the animated field, we at Charlton can lose (or win) in a variety of categories.

Dear Editor;

Congratulations on getting a new host for your terrific comic book *HAUNTED*. However, I have a suggestion to make. While Baron Weirwulf had a very well done introductory page in HAUNTED #21 in which he justifiably ejects that boring little imp, and he had another clever page at the end, he appeared nowhere in the stories narrating the grisly happenings. I enjoy seeing Winnie the Witch as she narrates her book and I find Mr. Bones amusing in *Ghost Manor* but Tom Sutton, Pat Boyette, and Joe Staton didn't use the Baron anywhere. How come?

Otherwise, no criticisms or suggestions. I enjoyed all three stories about equally and every time I see a Charlton ghost comic I grab it, wondering if I'm going to find Sutton, Staton, Boyette, Steve Ditko, Sanho Kim, or half a dozen other great talents.

I'm delighted with everything Charlton has been doing the last few years and I hope you always prosper.

Truly yours,
Arthur Vogler
Trenton, N.J.

There's a very simple explanation for the absence of Baron Weirwulf in *HAUNTED #21* stories, Art. We only decided a short time before #21 was printed that Baron Weirwulf was going to be our genial host so the artists couldn't be told in time to invite him to the party. However, the Baron appeared on *three* pages, not two. He did a single - pager from his library on The Great Houdini. Nicola Cuti, the talented originator of the Baron is a magician himself, a very talented one. At this moment, we have him locked in a closet trying to turn base metal into gold. If he ever makes it, we'll let you know.

20 HOUSE AD/21 AD/22 TEXT / 23

SUSSANA MACELROY CAME SCREAMING OUT OF THE WOODS ONE NIGHT AND BROUGHT HER FEAR AND HER POSSESSION TO THE CLIMAX OF TWO...

WITCH HUNTS

MOTHER! MOTHER!

ART: STEVE DITKO

D-6807

SCRIPT: BROCK J. HANKE

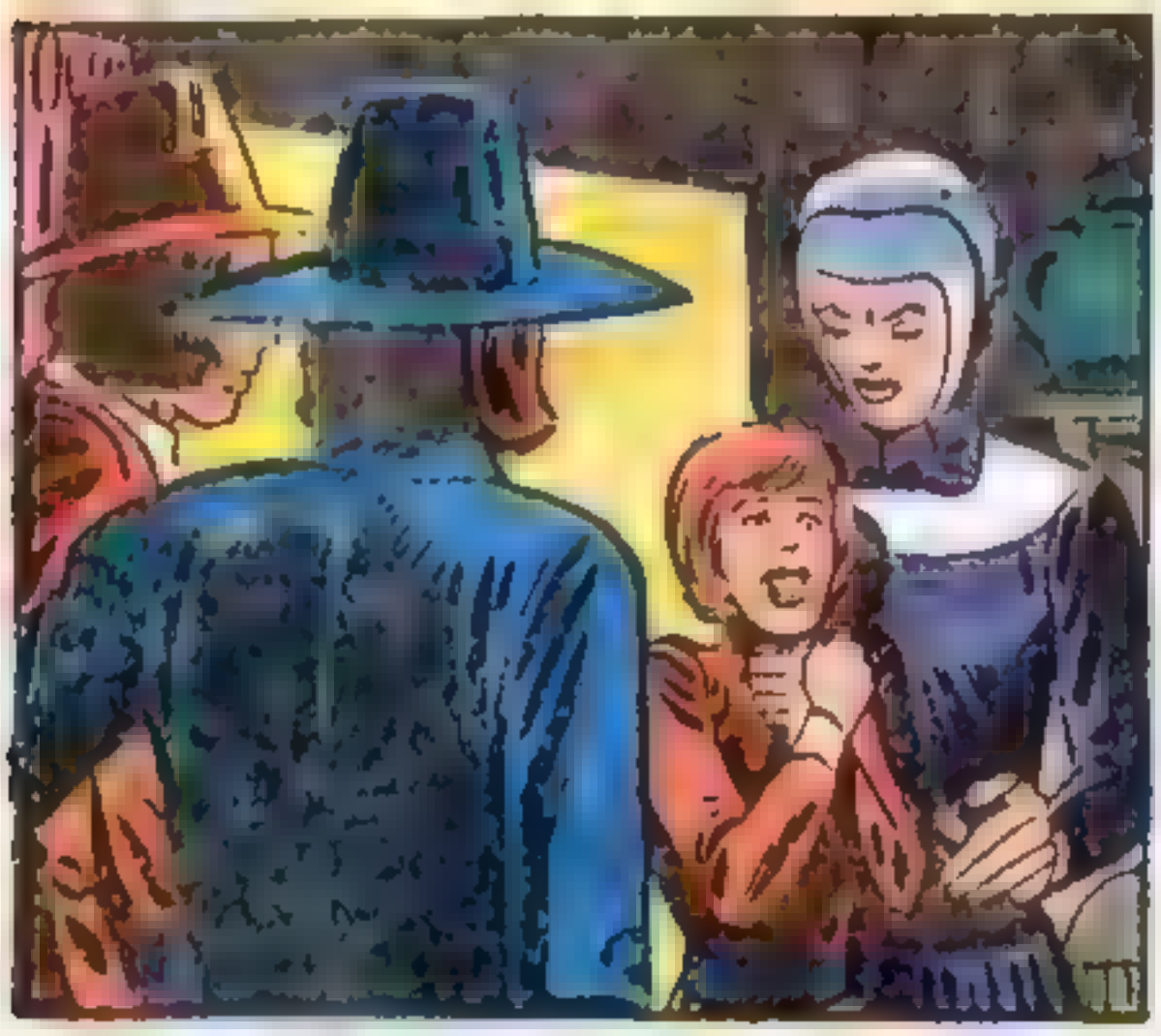
OH, MOTHER... THEY'RE AFTER ME! THEY'RE *COMING!*

WHO... WHO ARE COMING?

AMY JONES! THE *WITCHES!*

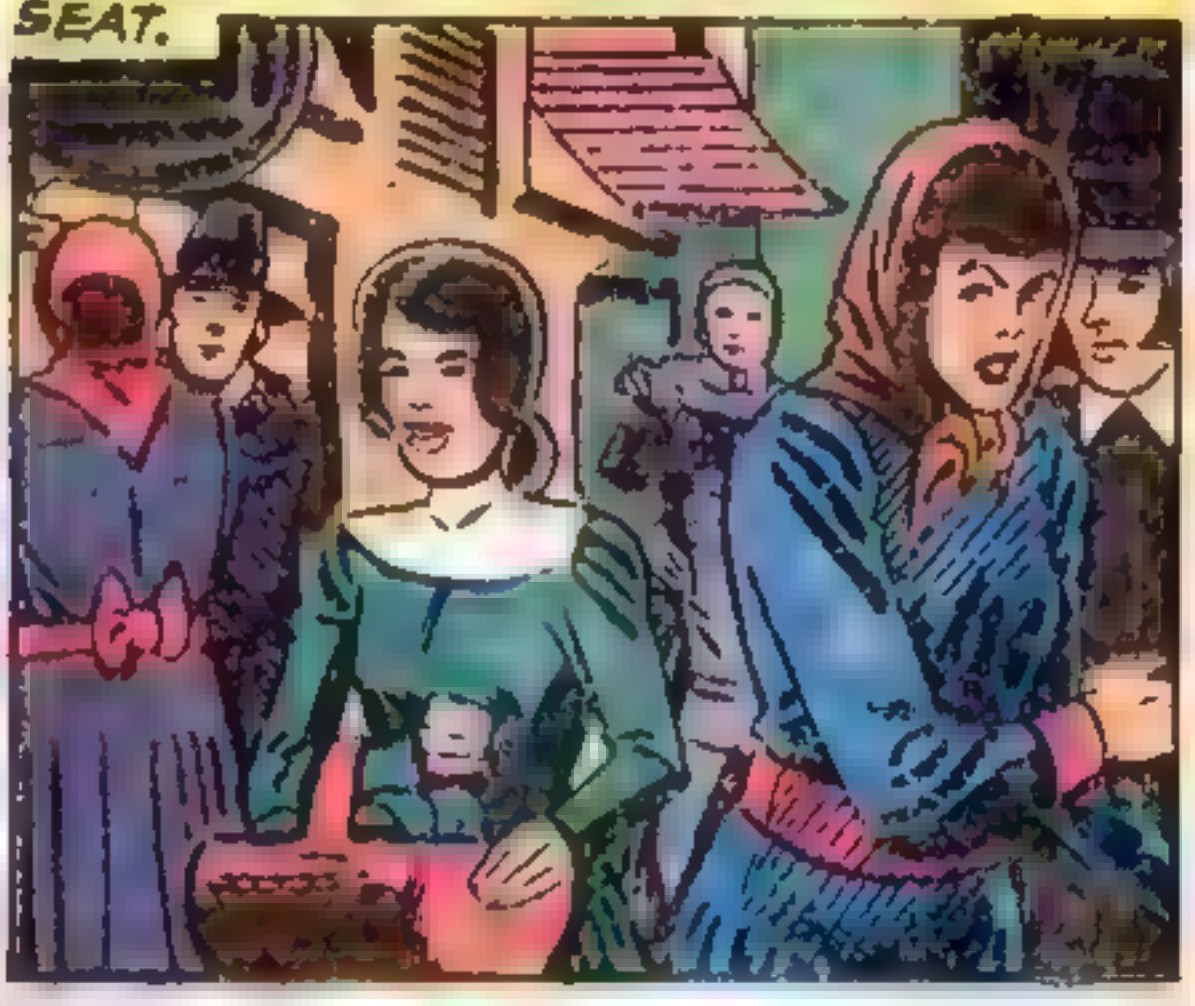
"THE WITCHES!" WHAT GREATER BOGEY CAN EXIST IN THE MINDS OF THE PURITAN PEOPLES OF PENNSYLVANIA VILLAGES?

BECAUSE, OCCASIONALLY, JUST OFTEN ENOUGH TO RETAIN INTEREST...



AARRGH! NO! GO AWAY!!

THE ACCUSED ARE TO BE AVOIDED... BUT WATCHED... UNTIL THE JUDGES AND PROSECUTOR COME FROM THE LARGER VILLAGE WHICH IS THE GOVERNMENT SEAT.



I TELL YOU GOOD PEOPLE THAT I HAVE FOLLOWED THESE WITCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! THEY ARE "SEARCHING", THEY SAY, FOR SOMETHING... BUT I AM SEARCHING TOO!

AND I HAVE *FOUND* THEM! THEY HAVE PUT THEIR MARK ON AN INNOCENT GIRL AND I HAVE FOUND THEM OUT!! BRING IN SUSANNA LAKE!

NO...NO!

OH, STOP THE POSTURING, CHILD.

NOW, SUSANNA, TELL US YOUR STORY. WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?

THAT NIGHT, I WENT OUT THAT NIGHT... I HEARD NOISES AND...

"I SAW SOME PEOPLE DANCING AND SINGING... AROUND A WEIRD ALTAR!"

"I CAME TOO CLOSE AND MADE A NOISE AND..."

SNAP

"THEY CAUGHT ME!"

"AMY WAS THERE AND SAW ME... AMY JONES..."

AMY! WHAT?

WHY SUSANNA! WHAT AN OMEN YOUR COMING!

"SHE TALKED ABOUT A SIGN AND A SEARCH..."

BRING HER ALONG! MAYBE SHE'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR! WHAT WE'VE LOOKED FOR SO LONG!

"AND THEN I FELT... I..."

MAYBE *SHE* HAS THE SIGN OF *SATAN!*

NO! NO!!

GRAB HER! SHE'S POSSESSED AGAIN!!

AAAAH!

NO! LET ME GO! AMY... ALL OF YOU... STOP IT!

SUSANNA, STOP YOURSELF! I *NEVER* LOVED YOU... IT WAS ALL IN YOUR HEAD!

SORRY, SIR!

NO, JOHN. TELL YOUR STORY... IT IS TIME TO TELL WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!..

... AND WHO WAS REALLY EVIL. AND WHO WAS REALLY "SEARCHING" ... AND FOR WHAT.

"WELL, SIR, SUSANNA SAID RIGHT THAT SHE SAW AMY AND ME IN THE CLEARING, BUT WE WAS, WELL...

"IT WAS WRONG, MAYBE, SIR, BUT IT WASN'T *WITCHCRAFT!*

OH, JOHN, *NO!* HOW COULD YOU... *NO!*

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

SO THAT WAS ALL, SIR. JUST HER JEALOUSY. AND NOW SHE DRAGS IN ALL OUR FRIENDS AND WILL HAVE WITCHCRAFT AND IT WAS JUST AMY AND ME!

WELL, THATS ALL VERY WELL... BUT IF YOU WERE GUILTY, STILL...

AMY JONES... I'LL KILL YOU! ...

NO! NO! SHE'S EVIL! I TELL YOU!

TAKE HER AWAY.

YOU SEE, PROSECUTING CRUSADER, YOU CANNOT JUDGE AT FIRST GLANCE. YOUR PERSONAL EMOTION MAY EASILY BE USED. THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. THANK GOD THAT WE HAVE REASONED AND FOUND OUT IT! GO, SIR, AND *THINK* NEXT TIME SUCH ACCUSATIONS ARE BROUGHT TO BEAR. A SEARCH IS ALL RIGHT, BUT ITS GOAL MUST BE REAL!

YOU SEE HER MAD NOW, BUT SHE WAS CLEVER ENOUGH BEFORE. SHE ACCUSED MANY TO GET AT THE TWO. SHE USED US ALL, THOUGH NO HARM WAS MEANT. YOUR SEARCH, SIR, IS ENDED.

NO! THEY ARE EVIL!! NO!!!

SO YOU SEE, SUSANNA, YOU MUST STOP THIS RAVING. WE MEAN YOU NO HARM. WE LOVE AND MEAN YOU WELL.

THOUGH PERHAPS OUR STORY WAS A SMALL FICTION, WE MEAN NO HARM... WE RECOGNIZE YOUR POSSESSIONS FOR WHAT THEY ARE!

AND WE WOULD NEVER HURT ONE WHO BORE SUCH POSSESSIONS, SUCH MARKS. FOR WE HAVE SEARCHED FOR ONE WHO WOULD BE SO POSSESSED ... WHO WOULD BEAR THE MARK...

... OF THE BRIDE OF SATAN!

THE TOWNSPEOPLE HEARD A SCREAM THAT NIGHT, BUT THEY DISMISSED IT AS THE CRY OF A WOLF, OR PERHAPS A SEA BIRD. BUT THE MAD GIRL, SUSANNA, WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

End